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## Sisters: A Tribute

Mary Dengler  
*Dordt College*, [mary.dengler@dordt.edu](mailto:mary.dengler@dordt.edu)

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## Sisters: A Tribute

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*Mary Dengler*

They're born that way—  
The older  
kicking from the womb to take her life,  
the younger  
struggling out attracted by the light  
and every offered fruit,  
the older  
shooting bites of apple cross the yard to test her skill,  
the younger  
savoring her food until  
she tries to fly like seagulls from our porch  
and falls to break her tiny head,  
the older  
churning boldly in the frigid waves,  
the younger  
tripping lightly in the surf until  
it boils her under in its harsh embrace  
to crawl ashore with pain and wonder scratched  
across her tiny face,  
the older  
walking fearless to her kindergarten class  
with learning tools arranged,  
the younger  
tearful with her unicorns at home until  
they ride her through the intervening hours,  
the older  
wearing glasses with her scorn of boys and trendy girls,  
the younger  
clutching carefully the hands of every child  
from underneath her brushed but straggling strands.

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The older practiced violin  
And disciplined herself for highest grades;  
the younger played the violin  
but disciplined her horse with careless grace  
and studied street life with her books;  
the older stunned each audience  
as wedded to her violin she forged the progeny of art;  
the younger lived psychology applied  
to business and each troubled heart.  
The one commands our awe;  
the other finds our soul.  
The one unfolds the depths of sound;  
the other tries to make us whole.